

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1979

Argos save Tories in 2-vote cliffhanger

From the Ottawa Bureau
of The Globe and Mail

OTTAWA — The Conservative Government narrowly survived a test of political brinkmanship last night by two votes, 140 to 138.

Concessions to the five Social Credit members of Parliament, particularly on energy matters, ensured the defeat of a non-confidence motion, the outcome

of which was in doubt until almost the last moment.

Only one MP was absent from the vote — Paul Yewchuk (PC, Athabasca) — but two other Tory MPs made it just under the wire. One of them, Robert Coates, arrived with only minutes to spare on a commercial flight from South Korea where he was attending the funeral of President Chung Hee Park.

Dr. Yewchuk, reached at

his home in Alberta last night, said he had a commitment in his riding. He would not say what the commitment was and added "I have nothing to say to you."

An 11-year veteran of the Commons, Dr. Yewchuk is widely believed to be angry at having been passed over for the Cabinet and so stayed away as a symbol of his unhappiness.

Asked whether he stirred

this interpretation, Conservative Whip William Kemping (Burlington) told reporters: "He's been here for 11 years. You can draw your own conclusions." Mr. Kemping had phoned Dr. Yewchuk on Monday and asked him to be present for the vote.

Last night's non-confidence motion was the third that the minority Government had survived since Parliament had resumed last month. However, the stakes were higher yesterday because the Liberals had announced their intention to try to defeat the new Government.

All three major parties were demanding full attendance in the House and each party turned out its share of walking wounded.

A Liberal MP was released from hospital to vote, an NDP MP hobbled to the House with a foot heavily bandaged and Tory MP Dan McKenzie (Winnipeg-Assiniboine) put off a cataract operation scheduled for Monday to be present last night.

During debate on the motion earlier yesterday, Prime Minister Joe Clark told the Commons that the federal Government is setting aside a special reserve of Western Canadian oil for refineries in Quebec and the Maritimes to help alleviate possible shortfalls in home-heating oil this winter.

Mr. Clark's assurances were designed to appease Social Credit Leader Fabien Roy, who had warned Mr. Clark that the five Socialists in the House would

students threaten to execute hostages

EDMONTON (CP) — Premier Peter Lougheed said yesterday that Ottawa and the Alberta Government are not even close to an agreement on a national energy package.

"And although I can say negotiations are under way, I am not at all optimistic about it," he told the Legislature during question period.

Mr. Lougheed was asked about

Prime Minister Joe Clark's statement that agreement on the energy package could be only a few days away.

The Premier confirmed he has been asked by Mr. Clark to attend a meeting of first ministers to discuss oil pricing but would not comment further.

Lougheed's wild card
Papineau

MECHANICAL conviction over liaison with girl

By JOAN HOLLOWAY

A Toronto doctor found guilty of breaching the trust of parents by forming a liaison

Solway's home, becoming longer and more frequent as time went on. By the fall of 1977 treatment sessions began to occur in Solway's

grown deeper since November, 1977, at which time she said the doctor-patient relationship ceased."

COMMUNITY NEWS COMMUNITY NEWS COMMUNITY NEWS

- *Who wants to go to the QUINCE WINTER CARNIVAL???(See Ben or the poster on office door)
- *SKI TRIP in january? (See Rob)
- *Trip to LAKE ST. GEORGE to explore winter environment, genetics at the cattle ranch, economics of a dairy farm, politics,...etc.(See Rob or Lorne)
- *INGLENOK SCHOOL REUNION around Dec. 15. There will be a band, food,etc.(See Debbie,Rob,or Mike R.)
- *~~11/16/66~~
- *The net proceeds from the Halloween Party were \$56.00 (plus \$20.00 from beer bottles). HOORAY!!!!...but we have to spend it on broken windows and woofers.
- *We're getting a computer and furniture and a tape recorder and record players...
- *MONDAY is Movie Day at Inglenok beginning last Monday. Anybody with special requests for cartoons(Betty Boop),etc.-see Rob.
- *Believe it or not, the attendance at Inglenok last month was ninety (yes, that's right,ninety) per cent!!!!
- *It's only forty-three(43) days until the Christmas Holidays !!!!!!!!

NOVEMBER APATHY AT INGLENOCK

Like,I was going to write this article,too, but, like, I,I never got around to it.I just didn't have the energy...

-eniv ydneW

POETRY POETRY

They sit,oulding to the grass,
sinking,bleeding, but they do not belong.
And so they will not fit.

Holding her head so tightly,
as if afraid it will be lost.
Someone is there but she is alone,
like a picture she is framed within herself
without the world.

She cries,she kicks and screams
but her body does not move.
She reaches out for the ground,
she reaches out for him.
Neither are there.

She touches but she does not feel,
she inhales but does not breathe,
she strains but does not move.
She is a picture frame within herself,
without the world.

-Lynn W.

"Push me!Push me!"
Their smiling faces
looking up to me
like the bright yellow center
of a daisy.

Laughter ringing out
as the swinging gets higher &
higher.

I do not know them
and they do not know me.
But the want and the need
of friendship
brings us together.
The openness of a child
makes it possible.

~~2/1/66~~
Though we have never met,
we are not strangers.

-L.W.

(P.S.--to the author--many apologies
for the typing. -W.M.W.)

BELFAST (UPI Special)

This year the size of grade nine students is remarkably smaller than any other year. The same observation was made last year and the year before. The grade nine students are getting smaller!

Those who read this may scoff. Call this reporter a reactionary or worse, but the situation calls for immediate action. Think of what this means. If Inglenook's grade nine students are smaller then it follows that the average grade eight student, and for that matter, grade seven and six students are smaller.

Our way of life may be in grave danger. Soon our high schools will be using kindergarten furniture. Grade thirteen students will be wearing size six jumpsuits, with bunny rabbits embroidered on the knees. Everyone will have to carry a stool around, (or a block and tackle), to reach high shelves and cats and dogs will become a hazard.

At the rate of shrinkage that has been observed, in twenty years the average grade nine student will be under three feet tall. (If one P. Hayden is any indication, the rate of food consumption will go up instead of down.)

This situation is grave indeed, by the time most of the current students are in their sixties, we'll have to watch where we put our feet.

Is there any way to reverse the process, you ask? Unfortunately nobody even knows what the cause is. In fact the prospects for tiny human beings are actually quite good. There will be more room for everyone, large cars will become a thing of the past and miniature horses just may have a use. Picture five hundred people living comfortably in one average size house. The population problem disappears and the food problem goes with it, if one stops to think about it. Ten people could have a feast on one Delicious apple.

Distances will change too, crossing the street will become an adventure and climbing trees will become a professional sport. We'll have awards for throwing a javelin three feet, and six or seven football games will be played on one field.

We are living at the beginning of a new age. The possibilities are endless.

Soon there will be documentaries called, "The Incredible Shrinking Race."



Under the influence of the moon, peculiar events have occurred in the streets of Inglenook: Revolutions, counter-revolutions, devolutions, parties, exiles, resignations, and areas of blood and glass. Peculiar? I thought Inglenook was a place of sharing (HA), not shearing individuality and community spirit. Wandering around in the desert for 50 years is fine, as long as you survive!!!! Perhaps, the Inglenook revolution has failed.

The reaction of the students to the teacher's proposal of a theme 'weak' of Revolution and Power constitutes 6 major problems: 1. Lack of communication between students and teachers, 2. A lack of appreciation of the seriousness of the students' visions, 3. The lack of defining what powers 'the student council' has in the running of the school, 4. Students lack of initiative to solve problems, 5. Power factions dividing the community of Inglenook, and 6. conformity.

What has happened? There is a violent split between student and teacher, teacher and teacher, student and student, lack of fun, creation of boredom and frustration. I'm mad; mad because of what the individuals of Inglenook feel about each other: as if, teachers are continually conspiring to play games on students, as if students are some kind of vicious rodent, that spreads the bubonic plague. I'm mad because the students continually criticize the teacher's innovations without any constructive voice. It has been three months and there is still no student ideas on theme 'weakj! Why?????? I'm mad because of the labels floating around the school: He's a fascist, He's a punk, She's a fascist, He's a J-tripper, She's a monk. Yes!!!!!! If students and teachers are so wound up in creating a fragmentary world of boxes and slots, let them work at I.B.M. or a Ford assembly plant, a community based on hierarchy and power. I'm mad because I respect the ideals and freedom of Inglenook - and have to pull assignments out of students like pulling dinosaur teeth.

So I bet you're mad about some things too? EH? How many beers do you want to bet. Good! Perhaps we can all share our madness and create some new percepts to guide us through the desert.

If not.....

the revolution has failed.

Notes of a madman

Editors corrections, translated from Scarberian;

boredome means boredom

hte means the

hierarchy means hierarchy

EH- Scarberian slang for well?

community means community

weakj means weak

HA - a word introducing a drinking bout

bet- Scarberian have nothing to lose

J-tripper - an Estonian who believes god (JA) does not exist.

Ford assembly plant- a native species of Detroit, with dark green leaves.

THE RAPID EXTINCTION OF THE
SPECIES BI DATA CYCLATA

- Rox Sacha

Bicycle riding in the city has recently become a suicidal method of transportation. This is due to the fact that motorists seem determined to rid their roads of cyclists forever. They regard cyclists as they regard pigeons; something that will move out of their way if they drive towards it with increasing speed.

From the cyclists point of view, attempting to ride a bicycle in city traffic can be compared to a game of russian roulette. In this case, motorists have the upper hand, as they have the power to asphyxiate cyclists before maiming them. Once a cyclist has inhaled a sufficient amount of exhaust, their susceptibility to injury is greatly increased.

A favorite trick of motorists is to refrain from yielding to a bicycle attempting to make a turn. The stupified cyclist will inevitably get caught in a convenient street car track and topple into the path of an oncoming car, breaking various appendages and severely denting their dignities.

Many car drivers lie crouched unseen behind their car doors, waiting for a bicycle to be forced over towards them. When they spot an asphyxiated rider in their rear view mirror, they spring open the door in an attempt to destroy both the cyclist and the bicycle. This will usually result in paranoid ex-cyclists riding the TTC instead of cycling.

Most buses and trolleys conspire with motorists, to try and exterminate the species cyclata. They bear down on cyclists, forcing them to change lanes, and then pass alarmingly close with great gusts of carbon monoxide. After this type of major attack, the cyclist will undoubtably find themself rapidly approaching a grating with vertical slats. They have the quick dilemma of deciding whether to go over it and catapult over the handle bars, or whether to swerve around it and be hit by a car. In this situation, the best advice is to close the eyes, grip the handle bars, and scream.

Unfortunately, the cyclist will lose either way in the end.

THE RAPID EXTINCTION OF THE
SPECIES BIDATA CYCLATA con't

It seems that this deadly situation is rapidly getting worse, as motorists are buying cars that can eject more exhaust than ever before. Cyclists should not let themselves be destroyed by these huge, poisonous, and dangerous monsters. They should stand up for their rights and ride armed with water balloons, tomatoes, rotten eggs, paint scratchers, and long, tire piercing spears. Perhaps this would show the motorists that, unlike pigeons, cyclists can carry a few devices to abolish ~~these~~ inconsiderate motorists and their smelly cars.

WANTED: Paramecium to give lecture to Biology 10
Experience necessary
Apply: Within

LOST: 2 large amoebas wearing dark glasses Bathurst & Lawrence area.
If found, return to Inglenook school. Reward.

WANTED: Sensual, tall, shapely woman seeks discrete afternoon encounters with mature, intellectual, athletic, distinguished, interested gentleman.
Box 007, De Press

H.S. I want you, I need you, I can't live without you. Help!! Captain Biffy

LOST: Eight marvellous teachers, able to cover a full curriculum of accredited courses in a single bound. Description: short, tall, light, dark, bearded, clean-shaven, male, female, intelligent, beautiful and sexy.
LAST SEEN: entering the Relax Inn for 'a quick beer after school'.
If found, please return to 19 Sackville Street.
We will return the androids.

REQUIRED: One Moroccan tour guide. Qualifications: Background in Canadian literature, PhD preferred. Write: Richard Holdsworth, c/o Rabat University.

POETRY POETRY

I was hurrying
up a street
in downtown Toronto

parting through the black night,

when a sudden
flash of brilliance
stood suddenly before me.

A pure golden tree
lit up my path,
illuminated
by a dim
street lamp.

Each golden leaf
hung vividly,
floating on air,
as I gazed in awe
at the shimmering gold
rising above
the concrete and
the dirt and
the gray brown and
darkness pushed away.

I stared
hypnotized
by this mystic tree
wondering why
this one was golden
and why
the others were not,
until darkness crept up,
enveloping the shining gold
in dark folds
of the blackest night.

-S.C.

Autumn
Cold yellow sunlight,
gold leaves, crisp under brisk feet,
wistful memories.

-DLGG

Paperweight

Click clack
brick a brack
Inglewood is coming back.

No more
Apathy.
Take a breath
and smile at me.

Round, round
ditto sound.
Heavy feet are off the ground

No more
heavy sighs.
Nockers live
and sorrow dies.

-DLGG

WHO AM I?

My father was the keeper
of the Eddystone light.

He slept with a mermaid
one fine night.

From this union there
came three.

A porpoise and a porgy
and the other was meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

who am i?

Leaves

Summer green
wrapping bare branches.
Autumn rainbow
carpeting green lawns.
Winter away,
riding the wind.

anne onymouse
(JCR)

LUND BAY'S JEWELRY

HILLS

TRAVELTRAVEL***TRAVEL***TRAVEL***

Walking tours with Joan "So-sue-me" Sewer...

A fortnight in Honduras, you say? A week of festivities at the Quebec Winter carnival? There's no need to spend countless hours on buses, in vans, in planes in order to enjoy an exciting vacation! (Not to mention the heartaches and the thousand natural shocks that pocketbooks are heir to!) In fact, there are many wonderful and inspiring vacations to be experienced right here in our own Canadian backyard. Come with me on a walking tour of one of the most famous and interesting areas in all of Canada..... We begin our tour at the corner of King and Sackville streets. Walking south, we spy, on our right,(past...no, that's left...right is the one you write with...oh ya, right!) I mean -left, we spy on our left an awesome structure, obviously an important edifice of some king... Could it be? Yes, I think it's just possible that...It is! It's the world-infamous headquarters of Inglenook school..... Softly, now, we don't want to disturb the wildlife....Let's see if we can tiptoe in without destroying the peace and tranquility of nature in perfect harmonious balance.... Look, on your left, it's the entrance to the "lair of the only captive pair of lunaticus janitorius! And I think one of the couple is venturing forth from his hovel at this very moment.....If you listen carefully, you will be able to detect a slight variance in speech pattern from that of the common garden variety janitorius. This specimen was imported at great expense from the nether regions of Macedonia. The ~~xxx~~ change in climate seems to have disturbed our blue-winged janitorius somewhat. Aah...If you ~~park~~ concentrate (try to ignore the squawking of the janitorius) you can just make out the sound of the freakus mathematicus,somewhere to our right. This rare bird has been allowed to run wild... and there she is now! ...note the unkempt appearance of this specimen... Clearly there is an argument for more liberal hunting laws...Oh, not Watch it! We are being attacked by a band of marauding Studentia Nookosum Abnormalia.....

Dundas

Ontario



Iran

SCOTLAND

Whitby

Rain

North York

MORE TRAVEL (oh no-o-o-o-o-o-o)

Be careful, some of them are wearing dog collars - those are the most dangerous! Hopefully the dreaded Landrew is not on the prowl....It looks as though we've happened upon the notorious Lounge species - noted for their amazing lung capacity and their ability to fool their predators by remaining immobile for hours at a time. This seems to be one of their infrequent non-comatose periods...What's this? The Loungers are being joined by a herd of Vocalius Maximus. Notice the abnormal frontal anatomy ...This species has evolved over the years and now has an appendage protruding from the stomach area which appears to be made up of a combination of wood and string. No one has been able to ascertain exactly what this appendage consists of because the Vocalius Maximus keeps all forms of animal life at bay by shrieking and generating strange sounds from the area of the appendage itself. Some of the herd have developed strong Southern accents which they employ while making the shrieking sounds. These accents are reason enough to steer clear of the Vocalius Maximus. However, The Studentia seem to be scattering...Could they be sensing an enemy closeby? Yes...This is a rare treat...It's the young coordinator on one of his infrequent forays out of his inner sanctum. It's a good thing he came along when he did, for he is the only beast able to protect innocent by-standers from the uncontrollable Studentia swarms. Well.....I think that we've had quite enough excitement for this month. Join me, Joan "So-sue-me" Stevens next month, when we journey to another favourite vacation spot - The Relax Inn, where we will have the opportunity to view the Rubalcoholium in his native habitat.

REVIEWEEVIEW (WEEFANS Beware! This is PURE PUNK!!!)

The Turning Point.; Tuesday Night.....
A small crowd: 25 - 30 people.

First Act: THE STIFFS - a local band - not bad for a band that's only been together for 5 days!

Lead singer, Pete Hayes, looking lean & angry in a black T-shirt and tie, howled lyrics to the steady beat provided by Phil Powell on guitar, Mr. X on bass and Andrew Heathcote on drums.

The first set was marred by technical difficulties - a mike that didn't function - but the STIFFS overcame the problems. Elwy Yost looked on as the crowd moved to the music.

The songs were short and so was the set, but the message was there - this band, given a little time and a few breaks, (Ha-ha) could make it!(What, I don't know.)

The next band on stage was the ANEMICS - a rather hearty looking group of guys - sipping MacDonald's milkshakes and arguing over the electronic equipment. They started after a barrage of "Check's". The only members of the band that showed any signs of life were the lead singer and the drummer - the latter by waving his arms in the air sporadically. The others might well have been anemic ... Two highlights of the set were the songs "Elwy Yost" and "Molly McCoy". For the most part, though, the music was mediocre and the lead singer's voice, indescribable. The brief respite offered by his harmonica playing was welcome - until he started playing!

The best entertainment of the night (Well, depending on what you call entertainment) was offered by the final band - the MOVERS. They seemed more polished than the other bands; more familiar with their material. Neverthe less, by the end of the first 3 sets, heads were pounding, and this critic, for one, had to leave the Turning Point and head for home.

(I later learned that there were some interesting developments later in the evening, later. For more information concerning the further adventures of the STIFFS, contact Elwy Yost, c/o T.V. Ontario, Channel 19)

SIMPLIFIED SUDORUM

An instructional column by the professor of creative inhalation at the ministry of hallucinogens, Captain E.J. Biffy.

Step 1. Unwrap the cellophane from the packet of fags that you should have bought after reading my last column, Fear and Loathing at Stinson's tobacco Department.

Step 2. Remove one (?) fag from the packet and place it in your mouth with the handle facing in. Start off with only one at a time and then later we can work up to four or five.

Step 3. By striking a match or a lighter, create a flame(not to high now) and apply the wee bit of fire to the end of the fag that isn't between your lips. Inhale. Cough. Cough again. Really start coughing now.

Step 4. You are really coughing now. You're writhing on the floor in agony. Continue to cough no matter what else happens.

Step 5. Cough lots until you die or blowing your liver out. The End.....

Next year, Capt. B. returns with a new column; Advanced Intoxication. Till then, ta ta, and always remember to go prepared on a date.

CAPTAIN E.J. BIFFY QUINN OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN



COLUMN-A-SCOUTS

Dear your future for today!

SCEPIO- (October 24-November 22)

Your natural selfishness will lead you to ruin unless you give all your worldly possessions to the (money) to Amalgamated Shoulderpads Inc.

SAGITTARIUS- (November 23-December 21)

Several People will be taking advantage of your tendancy to be nice. Wear black, and studded naughahyde undergarments and you should have no trouble avoiding attack.

CAPRICORN- (December 22-January 19)

This is your day for making a deal. Negotiate with care and keep a sharp eye out for people in naughahyde undergarments.

AQUARIUS- (January 20-February 19)

Today is your day. Your leadership qualities will lead you to new hights. Be prepared to become a dictator or the head of the secret police.

PISCES- (February 20-March 20)

Accept any and all invitations especially those concerned with Mazolla parties or radical marches.

Remember don't eat fish, it's cannibalism.

ARIES- (March 21-April 19)

Build a house today and it won't fall over. Your constructive efforts will succeed (for a change).

TAURUS- (April 20-May 10)

Speak your mind today, try to influence others. The stars are with you. What you say may not be taken as so much bull.

TAURUS- (May 11-May 20)

Beware of black hats, and people with balls of string. In fact it would be best to hide out for a few days, bad luck is just around the corner.

GEMINI- (May 21-June 20)

Keep your legs wide open today you stand a good chance of getting what you've been wanting. Rewards are in the stars so play the game.

CANCER- (June 21-July 22)

We're not going to write anything for you sick, twisted, and perverse carcinogens.

LEO- (July 23-August 22)

Now is the time to get sick, other people will treat you very nicely. Don't roar to such as is your habit they might remove your ankles.

VIRGO- (August 23-September 22)

Keep up the jogging you may kick over at any moment. Make big plans for the future. Arrange for cryogenic storage.

LIBRA- (September 23-October 22)

Have faith in yourself, start a new religion. Others may think you're insane but then so was Jimmy Jones.

NEW WAVE AND THE SUBURBS

Believe it or not, E.P. Taylor the Canadian industrialist, maybe responsible for the development of the suburban punk. E.P. Taylor in 1952, decided it was time for Torontonian to discover the life style of the suburbs. (He also wanted to make a lot of money) So he created the first subdivision of modern times, with carports, serpentine road, and small green lawns in Don Mills. The public loved it. It was quiet, it was green, it was isolated from social problems and it was cheap. Taylor found huge profits in it. So did other developers.

After 1952, the image of the Pristine suburban home has disappeared. One can't run away from the human condition only live it. Midland Bus where are you?

Todays music is born in the suburbs. The Biffs come from Scarperia, The Members Come from a suburb in London Town, the list goes on and on.

Martha and the Muffins are from Etobicoke. The patterns of the middle class, antiseptic, white burbs, have created the new anarchists of the world. I wonder why?

God bless E.P. Taylor and the dreams of Anti Capital.

'cause you got to serve somebody.

What do think? Why the development of suburban punk.

Go see the Biffs, stuffs, Members, the Scarberians...

Write to -Evelyn Musicreportoff and Jeannie Bleeker.

POETRY POETRY

I sat alone
feeling my muscles tighten
sensing the welling up of tears

you smiled at me today
and I felt my heart leap.

The wind is cold and
it chills me to the bone.
But I think of you
and my heart warms me.

The thickness of the air around me
cannot replace you.

I sit alone..

-L.W.

Nothing,
Come new feeling, your time is now.
Nothing,
Waiting for something to fill my head.
Nothing,
-L.W.

Summertime.
Sunshine, evening flies,
lemonade in the garden,
cotton colours.
Sweat, homework, studies.
Smog,
trailing the bus on my old bike.
The heat of the classroom,
wandering minds,
summertime,
Dreams of the future.
Newness,
an escaping butterfly from the cocoon.
Fresh beginnings,
another chance at living,
summertime.

-L.W.

THE SONGS OF ROBERT B. ANGST

DITTO MACHINE

I'm just a copy of a ditto machine.
I'm just a copy of a ditto machine.
I look in your newspaper and see your dream,
With your TVs and your magazine.

CHORUS

I'm a copy---yeh,yeh,
Just a copy---yeh,yeh, yeh.
The carbon copy can be your next home.
You always got somebody with you even if its your own clone!!!!

I'm just a carbon copy of a ditto machine.
I'm just a copy of a ditto machine.
I got blue on my hands and blue on my face,
The people on the street are part of the carbon copy race.
I'm just a copy of---a ditto machine.

I'm a copy---yeh,yeh, yeh.
Just a carbon copy---yeh,yeh.
Everybody thinks they're so unique, but they're just a carbon copy of a carbon copy clique!!!!!!

Johnny teenager

IS THERE NO WAY OUT?

The sea of faces swarms around me,
.... Distortions of the human being.
Piercing cries and shouts echo in my mind,
Engulfing, never letting go.
The haze which through which I see
(Reputed to give infinite perception)
Thoughts turn as from genius to gibberish: one in the same?
Relentlessly, it knees at my mind and body.
Leaving only tattered remains,
" Why won't it leave me alone?"
" Close it out, come ; follow me and you will find peace".

ignor: seagull

KILLERS ON VINE

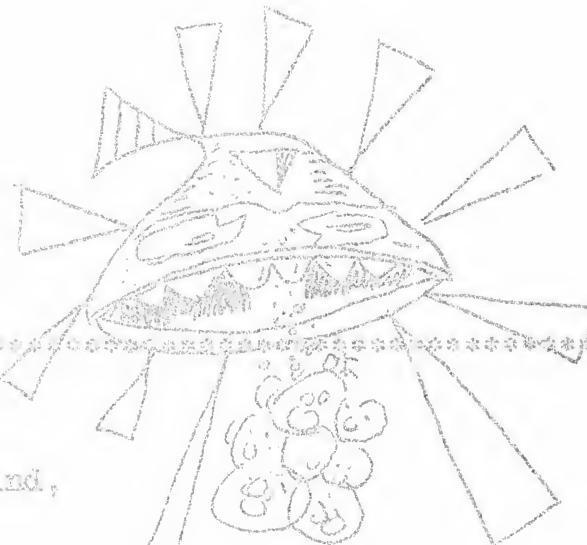
I wanna be a killer like Phyllis Diller, with big blue eyes, and a long cigarette filter.

I wanna be a killer like Lawrence Welk, with a smile like death, and bubbly champagne "meth"

I wanna be a killer like Monty Hall, with a handshake like quicksilver, and words that make women quiver.

I wanna be a killer like Phyllis Diller with big blue eyes and a long cigarette filter.

johnny teenager



t h e p r e s s

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